

The World.

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NO BUSINESS BLACKMAIL.

A MAZING phenomenon in a Presidential year: Nobody moaning around shedding gloom and calamity! The country is not going to the dogs. Business is sound. Crop reports are excellent. Railroad traffic is heavy. A shortage of 150,000 freight cars is predicted for October. Exports jumped \$6,000,000 last week over the week before. Stocks are going up. The professional political wailer hasn't courage to let out a single groan in the face of the obvious brightness of business prospects.

For once anguish over political possibilities in a Presidential year is hushed!

Why? Well, mainly because the divided and rampaging Republicans have kicked a timely hole in their thatch which has let daylight in on some of the fearsome old bogies that used to scare business out of its wits and out of its dollars just before election. Ever since the Bloody Shirt went out of commission we have had industrial paralysis, ruin and general dissolution of business used to startle campaign contributions out of the pockets of business men once every four years.

This year business has learned a thing or two about what used to frighten it. The great political act of blackmailing campaign funds out of shuddering corporations has been shown as it looks from behind the scenes. Business sees just how the trick was done. Through the big rent in the Republican party the public has had a good peep at campaign stage management.

No wonder nobody has had the temerity to try the old gag on an enlightened audience. The give-away has been too complete. Any attempts at using calamity to shake down campaign funds will hereafter be received in the light of past performances.

Therefore, Presidential election or no Presidential election, doth business this fall smile and get ready to pick apples.

GOOD FOOD VS. "LUXURY."

BACK to old-fashioned cooking is the cry just now in France. A "Hundred Club," with a membership limited to that number, has been started with the avowed purpose of saving the frank, wholesome, old-time dishes and sauces from being pushed out by the tricks and formulas and monotonous machine recipes of so-called international hotels.

Here are some of the maxims of the new club:

- A big kitchen does not mean good cooking.
- We favor small hotels and inns where the proud proprietor has an eye on everything.
- We never recommend big, expensive hotels where luxury crowds out good food. We eat beefsteaks, not Louis XV. chairs.
- A good cook has no use for canned soups or sauces.
- The only food factory is the kitchen.
- A good hotel is known by its coffee. No chicory. Good coffee is made slowly by boiling water. All coffee prepared in advance is bad coffee.
- In a good hotel the guest is received by the proprietor.
- We do not like hotels that employ foreign waiters who speak six languages—all badly.

In fact the club is filled with scorn for the huge, modern "hotel de luxe" where millionaires scatter their money about and pay silly prices for food that is turned out according to a kind of international system of kitchen chemistry specially devised for expensive hotel fare. Far better the small, well-kept house where one dines on two or three dishes prepared from clean, wholesome, old-fashioned recipes seasoned and made individual by the cook's own skill.

Would that some such healthy reaction might save this country from the appalling spread of cheap mechanical imitations and imitated imitations of foreign cooking served by surly waiters of unintelligible speech in monstrous hotel restaurants where the sole measures of excellence are more hundreds of tables, more gilt and marble, louder music and bigger prices.

TWO YEARS ago a St. Louis artist married his model. Both declared that they first met and loved five thousand years before when she was an Egyptian princess and he her artist suitor. Now she seeks a divorce, alleging cruelty. Beware of long engagements!

THE CENSUS SHARPS say there will be fifteen million persons eligible to vote next November. Fifteen million souls and only sixty-seven days left to pester 'em!

Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom men are governed!

COUNT AXEL OXENSTERN.

Letters From the People

The Bush on the Roof.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice in rural districts whenever a building reaches a certain stage of construction a green bush is stuck to the end of the ridgepole. This I have seen so often and in so many parts of the country that I am led to suppose it a general custom and one with a certain meaning. May I ask some of your rural readers to explain the origin, nature and meaning of this odd custom?
MRS. K.

Moving Sidewalks for Tunnel.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Several times I have seen "moving sidewalks." They are a continuous and ever-moving stretch of wood pavements (like escalators in general plan), and often they are so arranged that by stepping from the edge to the middle the speed of the passenger rises from three miles an hour to ten. They are now also often equipped with seats. Now what a boon such a sidewalk would be, instead of trains, for the Hudson tunnel! No waiting for a train, no hitches, no halts, but passengers able to step on or off, by means of the graded sections,

with ease and safety. Then what a boon for that endless, dreary climb to my mind the one blot on the splendid tunnel system! from the tunnel trains to the Erie trainshed! Such a platform was once planned to traverse the length of Thirty-fourth street. I have read, but the plan fell through. How about it, readers?
F. CLAVERES.

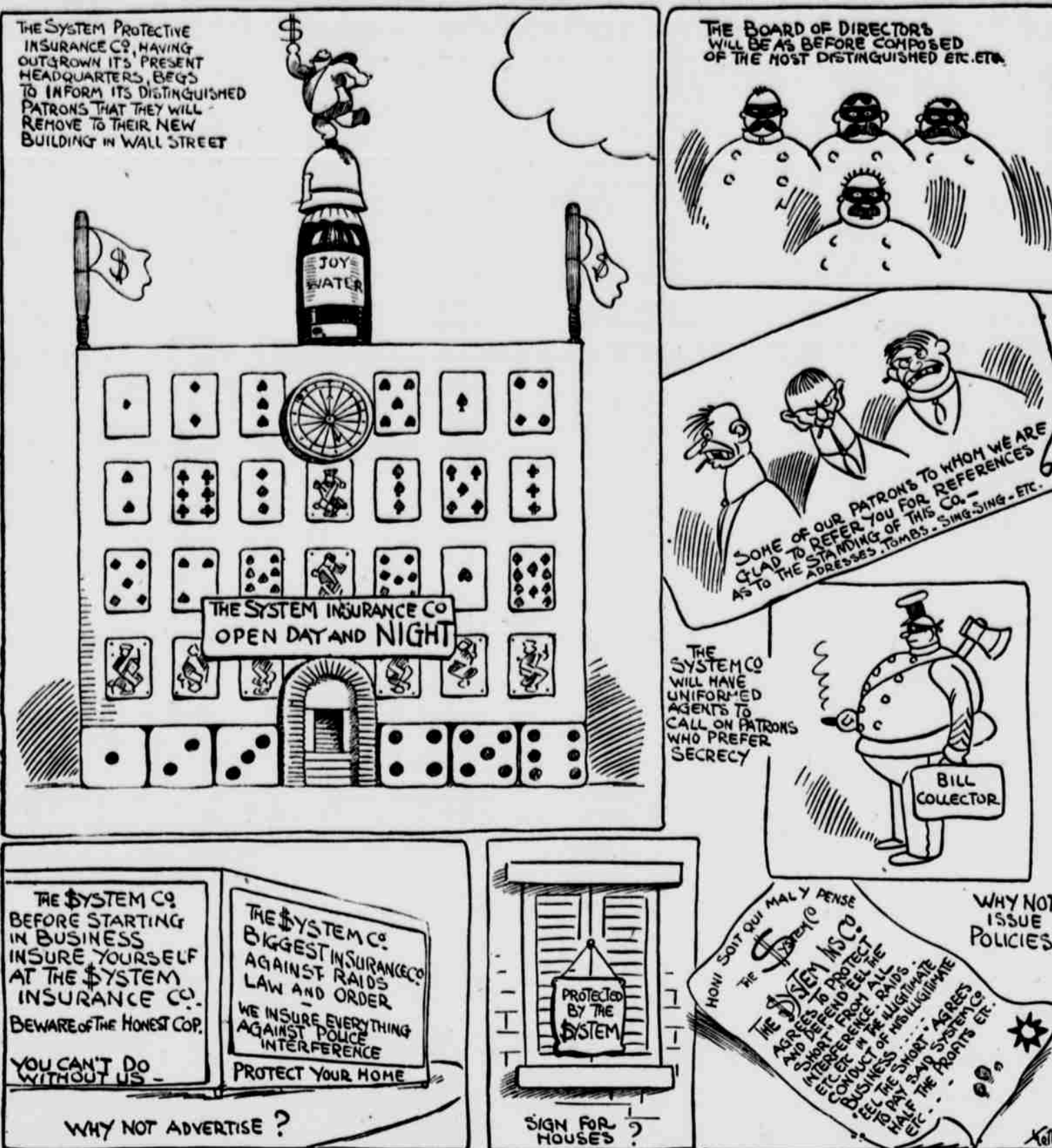
Criticism New York.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
New York is a great city. I admit that after a month's residence here. But it can still learn a lot from our smaller cities. The traffic problem is, proportionately, managed better almost everywhere else. Boston's subways are far more perfect, proportionately, than New York's. Syracuse's street car service (with its double-deck cars) is far better. Men's hot weather costumes in Richmond are far prettier and more comfortable. In Springfield, Mass., the "half-time" school children disagree is unknown. And so on through every city in the Union. New York is great, but not too great to learn. Is she too conceited to learn from lesser cities?
NEWCOMER.

Why Not?

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By Maurice Ketten



"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue?
By Clarence L. Cullen.

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THE Difference between Confidence and Cockiness is that the former doesn't need the Megaphone!

Better Take a Knock-Down than Do a Lay-Down!
The Fans Forgive a Heap in a Fielder who Goes After all of the Hard Ones!

A Knook Spreads a Heap Faster than a Boost—but that's a Mighty Poor Reason for Starting One!
The Man who Manipulates the Searchlight hates to Stand in its Rays Himself!

There's a Heap of Difference between Keeping the Beacon Burning for Opportunity and Merely Waiting for Something to Turn Up!
Somehow we Never Manage to Repose Much Confidence in the "I-Gotta-Hand-It-To-Myself" Man!

It's Queer how the Fellows whose Philosophy is that "Nothing Really Matters" generally Sport those Lambrquin Effects on the Bottoms of their Nankens!
There's no Reason why the "Day of Reckoning" can't be Turned Into a Date to be Awaited with Joy!

We Know some Extremely Peaceable Folks who Nevertheless don't believe in that Turn-the-Other-Cheek Stuff for a Cent!
The Zig who is Perfectly Contented with what he Gets is generally a Class Z Gettier!

Better to be a Maverick than Mill with the "Maybe" Herd!
When you Tackle the Hard Job First, the Little Stunts Seem Easier than Foolin'!

Mops Deferred Maketh the Strong Gink Stick!
It's Astonishing how Little Trouble a Feller can Get Into who Really Takes an Interest in Mowing a Lawn or Trimming a Hedge!

Frequently, in the Flown Time, we've Gone Mooshing Around, asking for Another Chance at the Very Time when we were Refusing to Give Ourselves One!
A Lot of these Gooks whose Word is as Good as their Bond suffer from Laryngitis or some other Disqualification of the Pipes!

We've been Noticing Lately that the Fellow whose Catch-Phrase is "Take it From ME!" usually wants to Get Something out of US!
The Boss says that if he didn't Turn a Deaf Ear to all of the Excuses of the Shirkers he'd Imagine his Plant was a Boiler Factory!

When a Man Begins to Believe that His Hard Luck Story has Got all the Rest of 'Em Incriminated to a Clinker,

Epoch Makers IN MEDICINE

By J. A. Husik, M. D.

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AMBROISE PARE, Father of Surgery.

AMBROISE PARE was the official surgeon to the French army in his time. He accompanied all the military operations of Francis I, King of France. He was so adored and beloved by the men in the army that they were often inspired to deeds of heroism when they knew that their beloved surgeon was among them. It is said that on one occasion the French army was besieged and in imminent danger of defeat. Report was spread that PARE had arrived and was in the army's midst. This report so inspired the soldiers with enthusiasm and courage that they rallied, turning to attack and changed certain defeat into victory.

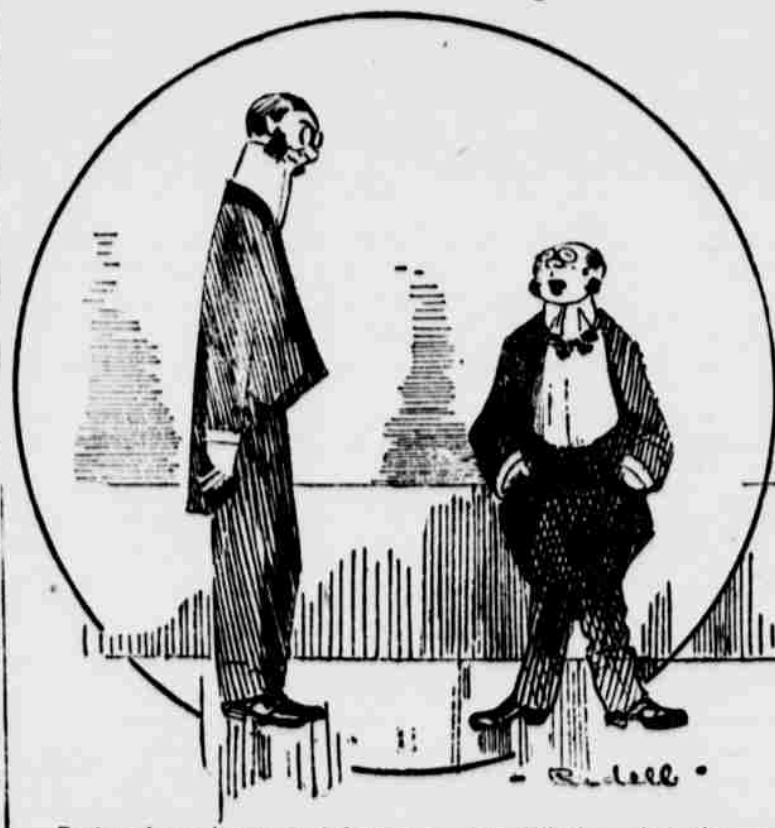
Such was the esteem in which PARE was held because of his originality and his skill as a surgeon. Ambroise PARE was born in 1510 at Laval, Province of Maine, France. He began life as an apprentice to a barber surgeon. For, in those days, the art of surgery was practised only by barbers, farriers, cobblers and tinkers. It was regarded below the dignity of a gentleman and scholar to handle the lancet or take care of wounds. The surgeons in the armies had to act also as barbers to the higher officers of the army. It may have been very fine to be shaved by a surgeon, but it must have been very awkward to be operated on by a barber.

During his apprenticeship PARE became a student at the Hotel Dieu and later a pupil of the renowned anatomist, SYLVIVS. He was a very proficient student in anatomy, for he soon afterward became his teacher's assistant. After his appointment to the post of army surgeon he soon became famous for the skill with which he executed his operations and for new and original methods. He was the first surgeon to invent the method of ligating or tying large arteries. In this way he saved the lives of thousands of soldiers who were otherwise doomed to death from bleeding or blood poisoning. He invented the operation for the correction of harelip, in use to the present day.

Ambroise PARE was not recognized by the doctors of his own day. But he wrote many books on anatomy and surgery, which were later translated into other languages and studied by physicians all over the world. PARE's skill as a surgeon endeared him not only to the men of the army. The King of France held him in great esteem for his ability and employed him as his own physician. During the night of the great massacre of St. Bartholomew, when thousands of Huguenots were killed, the life of PARE, who was also a Huguenot, was saved through the personal exertions of the King himself.

PARE placed surgery upon the pedestal of a dignified art, and from his day it progressed slowly, till to-day it has become the highest branch of medical art and science. PARE died in France in 1580, after a life that deservedly placed him among the epoch makers in medicine.

He Knew His Rights



Eighty-Year-old Fighter.

DUELS are sometimes dangerous. Grant Duff tells a story of an old Irish politician who was continually fighting duels, and fighting them, as the custom then was in Dublin, in the hour of the morning. When he was eighty his physicians interfered, not with his fighting duels, but with his fighting them at the accustomed hour. "I cannot bear," said the old man, "to inconvenience my friends." His medical advisers, however, were inexorable, so he yielded at last, saying: "If it must be so, God's will be done." And he consented to keep later fighting hours.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

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LOVE is a melodrama, marriage a comedy, divorce a tragedy, and remarriage—a farce.

If it weren't for the glow of vanity in her heart and the extra padding on her head the average girl would die of exposure in the sort of clothes she wears nowadays.

When he has a headache or a heartache a man thinks there must be something serious the matter with him; when she hasn't one or the other a woman KNOWS there is something serious the matter with her.

Any woman on earth looks beautiful to a man as long as the lovelight is turned on her; it is only in the cold gray dawn of ennui that he begins to discover flaws in her.

About the only things in connection with his wife for which a man shows any respect after a few years of marriage are her reputation and her toothbrush.

The average man endows a woman with a lot of imaginary virtues and then uses them as ropes with which to tie her to a niche in the wall while he goes off and cultivates the vices for the family.

When, by chance, a clever woman makes a foolish remark her husband is always so delighted at the phenomenon that he can't help kissing her.

A woman loses her faith first in Santa Claus, then in fairies, then in women—and last, in love.

Puzzle: Why is it that a man never drops his cigarette ashes in the ash receiver, even by ACCIDENT?

As to the Rainy Day That May Not Come

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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SAID a wise soul, "The fear of poverty has produced more wrinkles than the struggle for wealth." Strange to say, the fear of poverty is very often for the rainy day that NEVER comes.

And, mark you, the fear of poverty is not a failing (for it is that) with the so-called poor, but as well with the man and woman higher up in the monetary scale of things. The everlasting cry is, "What shall I do should things take a turn for the WORSE?" With such people the turn takes them. People may be blessed with PLENTY, but the fear of poverty is EVER PRESENT—the day when they may not have what is NOW theirs. It is the continuous "death's head at the feast."

Have you lost your job, and have you but a very little store on hand that may or may not last until the next thing is in order?

Do you fear that you may have to ask for help?

Does every disappointment in the finding of work add ANOTHER pang to the FEAR process? And do you fear, and fear, and fear?

Well, then, if you can but realize that fear never got anything more than MORSE FEAR, and that the big souls who have "ARRIVED" have often been reduced to the very verge of poverty, and ENDURED it, coming out stronger and bigger.

Then it would behoove you to "brace up" and be brave, putting fear into the future. Fight him WHEN HE COMES. The nightmare of fear becomes a MASTER and makes SLAVES of us all.

And the many man is he who can, as Kipling puts it, say: If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools—"

It is another common phase of crossing bridges made in the imagination. And we spend ourselves in the process. While being satisfied with the present is not the only consideration, yet the looking forward to better things instead of POORER things makes for human stuff that builds strong.

MAKE THE BEST OF THE WORST AND THE FEAR OF POVERTY IS LOST.

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Moosings of a Belle Moose

By John L. Hobbie

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TO win a man to your belief do not try to convince him that your cause is just—show him how it will help his pocketbook.

Men who talk most about themselves realize that they are so little thought of they need the advertising.

There are two pests of which the human race will never be sterilized: the ordinary germ and the man who boasts—letting a woman's confidence.

Some politicians' idea of progressive-ness is to continue jumping into the air like a grasshopper and to drift any direction the popular wind happens to be blowing.

A man believes he has the best wife in the world when he realizes that it would take one of the best to tolerate him.